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THE ONES WHO ARE LEFT BEHIND.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

As either end of that sad bier,
Where Death and Love have met,
Holds treasure not the fell heart strokes
Will ever bring to forget;

So, ah! the tract the outward bound
In vessel sky sees sweet ground,
While waiting ones whose feet are stayed
Have only memory and ground.

The bird that leaves its woodland nest
Carries new sunshine on its wing;
The lonely one that stays at home
Breathing in its forgotten song.

The gathered rose by beauty worn
Flavors pale, can't give or scent;
The rifled bush to sorrow lone
Through starlight tears and sorrow sees.

The country boy with honest heart
Chrysalid forms, and fairies by way;
Fly the bat, but pity more
The "old fellow" at home must stay.

Bravely the heirs at parting turn
Their faces from the shore for farewell;
Smilingly to cry: then, weary bride,
Shade for the mother left behind.

On wings a-quiet step unto some
I seem to hear upon the wind,
Prayers, not for themselves or their way,
But for the sad hearts left behind.

For whom life has the same routine,
Only unlighted as of years,
By faces not more loved and lost,
From stair, and hall, and open door.

For evermore the sauntering go
Returning for. We weak ones stay;
Ours pre-while, lonely ones alike
As we walk, while we go away.

And, oh, when aged hearts are sad
Hurts never quite so much as then,
When sorrow sees no higher rise,
For better worth in light more than!

When for the last time fire the ink
Eye thanks God they've met and shall find,
Then, dear Lord, look in mercy down,
Comfort the old ones left behind.

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOING TO COLLEGE.

Barton Cudlipp was brought up on a farm, by a farmer, with no other thought than that he would, like his father, live by sturdy and hard work. Early he manifested ambition, but it developed in the line of his duties. Thoroughly above the average industry and fidelity marked him from childhood. His tenacity of purpose was remarkable, and but it not been controlled by judgment, in later years it would have become obstinacy.

He was ambitious of doing man's work, and, at ten years of age, in labor that required tact and calculation rather than strength, he was fully as serviceable as a man. He was eager to prove himself equal to the task, and united watchful care with perseverance, rejoiced to brave storms, and completed the reputation of being a good farmer as praise enough.

His winters were given to schooling, and his father's example at home bred in him a love of reading. When he was about fourteen, there began to rise in his mind dim questionings whether he should spend all his days husbandry. The books which he had read furnished so many heroes that the life of clergyman or lawyer seemed somewhat shaken. Sometimes he dreamed that he would be a physician, and that after a successful life, he would return and build in his native village.

These projects centred in himself whether he should study become a lawyer. He mind had the same fault with admiration by some that had gone on in Norwood, and he caught the exaltations of the common people, who look upon a smart lawyer as one of the most enviable of men.

But all these dreams were as nothing to the influence of a single conversation which Rose put to him one Sunday evening at her father's:—

"Barton, do you mean to go to college?"

"No; I never really thought of it. What makes you ask me?"

"I should like to go myself. I should like to know everything. But women don't go to college. If I were a man I should certainly go."

"Why would you go, Rose? Say."

"I don't know. I could tell better afterwards. Don't you think that you would like to be a minister, Barton?"

There were many impressions that came upon us with the force of prophecies. Barton had never before even thought of a college, except as a vague picture, a place of wonderful men who knew all manner of wonderful things. Like a true New-England boy, he looked with unintention upon any young man that "had been to college." Intelligence and morality are the household idiots of New England. The American College buildings he had seen as they glimmered far across the Connecticut river valley, and had often vaguely striven to imagination to picture the mysteries of those buildings, very much as old crusaders may be imagined to have wondered at Jerusalem afar off.

These few words of Rose had struck a chord which never ceased vibrating. He thought of it all the way home. Every day he found the subject intruding upon him. He knew that he possessed his feelings about the future work, no longer seemed his own ambitions, and he found himself following its tasks with less spring and more effort. Adherent and dangerous signs, even of weariness and impatience, appeared.

At length he determined to break his thoughts to his mother—confident that, though she might repress his new desires, she would not sympathize with his ambition to rise in the world. Great then was his surprise when, one evening, he made a full disclosure at his thoughts, to find that Rachel was neither astonished nor alarmed.

It was an evening when his father was engaged with town affairs, and Rose had been asked to his mother:

"Mother, do you think I ought to go to college?"

She paused, and looked fixedly and kindly upon her son; she then went on with her work in silence for many minutes—so many minutes that Barton thought it had been long enough to have answered. He sat with the book which he had been reading on his knee, and his fingers in it, ready to mark, looking into the fire.

What store-house this hearth has been, since infinite novels of design, such suggestiveness as the farmer's picture book on the audience! There were flames shooting up like spires of cheerfulness, the colors of mimic, On the front log was a mimic hunting-scene. Along the surface ran a faint line of blue gas, burning at the interstices from cracks; and this seemed like rabbits or foxes. Then from the end of the back log a flame like a hound; it leaped over and caught the gas, and raced across it, quite fierce and disappointed, as if around a corner. Barton's uneasy thoughts were well nigh as fitful and fiery as the flames before him. He glanced at his mother. She was excited, too. Her work was laid by, a color on her cheek, her hand was more nervously quick.

Rachel said, "Barton, I am afraid you do."

"Barton, your words seem to me like an opening door. I can see in the future, and purity and sacredly; on the other the great and wide world, full of all manner of wealth and danger. You have always seemed to me as one that would remain with me always; your thoughts have gone; and by and by you will follow. I am willing. In the day you leave me will be a day of pangs more than when you were born."

"Mother, I will not go if you will be sad to say I can give it up."

"When God stirs in us deep thoughts for things that are right, they are prophecies, and we cannot resist them. God has given you, and him you from God's decrees, could I prevent you? If we have not the right to say, 'Lord, I am unworthy; but if we have, Lord, I am unworthy; but if we have, Lord, I am unworthy to answer to our consciences."

Barton sat with his head down looking at the lines under the fire log. Shame was one word that seemed impressed upon him. Then the yellow rod—the rod suddenly showed with other light as if it stream of air had formed in then sunk back to its ruddy hue; it glanced on white and radiant again, and the glow once more, as if it kept sympathy with Barton's thoughts, that rose and sank by turns.

"Oh, my son, I know not why God has clouded life to my eyes. He will be done! Life never so deep, so awful in meaning, and infinite—I believe in the result. It is like an ocean, with great storms travelling over it always, and many enemies. You will every one meet with me. If I were sure that you had made your peace with God——"

She paused.

The fire stick broke in two, and showers of sparks rushed up the fire-place, and great mossy coals rolled down upon the hearth, while the whole fire seemed to ease itself, and settled down into new positions. The silence which succeeded was long.

It was a relief to both of them, and Barton put a new fire-stick in place, laid back the brands, and with his foot pushed the projection of coals right and left under the logs, as if to clear out the ashes and make room for kindling-wood.

"But, my son, have you thought whether you will be able to succeed?"

"No, mother, I have not spoken a word to father about it."

"That is not mean that. Should your father counsel you to go, you would not be sure that you would only the common branches of an English education. It is the right to be studying. You will have to study at least two years before you can enter college. If your father should give you your time and help you besides, he patience and an extra expense. Can you do it?"

"I have patience and courage," said Barton, quietly. "I have thought of nothing else but anything that I had undertaken? Did not father begin with his farm? Have you not told me that you never have got down that wood, on the mountain lot, in the way you wished? I will do it, mother. I know half what I went through. Didn't I think I should die when I was ploughing corn? Could I do in two days? But you didn't know, nor he either, that I went and cried over it, and then went to worked all night, by the moon. It was four weeks' work, but I did it. I know I can do it. Mother, something in me that won't let go when I take hold to restrain it. I can't let it go."

"But an education is only a beginning, what do you mean to do afterwards?"

"I don't know. If a man is well educated I guess he can get ready for any kind of praise. May be I'll be a lawyer or a minister."

"Which do you like best?"

He was silent. The fire had lost much of its coal, and lay in a rich communing with its soul, and its glow was subdued, and black with charcoal silences.

The conversation was interrupted by the sound of Deacon Sprague's voice in the entry below, and sprang out to relieve his father of the horse, which he always put up himself; Barton relieved by some such proffered services of his children.

It was some days before the subject was resumed in the family, and then Thad Cathcart introduced it.

"Barton, your mother says you want to go to college. I have no objection, if you think you are smart enough. You cannot enter college without examination. My farm is as honorable in its way as a college. I shan't let any one brought up here leave it without standing an examination. If you choose to learn surveying and will give me a plot of my farm and a map of the district, I'll give you your time. It won't do for a farmer's boy to go to college, and not to be smart. If there's no use in it, I'll have a city."

His father said nothing to him of books, and nothing of a teacher. Barton was too proud to ask any help—any aid at home. So knew his father's notions, and he knew that he was expected to find out his own way, and to master the scientific command which he requested. In the first place, the dear father was fatigued—tired, in the next place, had Barton made good on a deed; and so "we got to learn surveying" about surveying, to let him see that I've got enough enough to study; and I won't tell a living thing about it," said Barton, laughing. "I don't have to leave my surveying off on account. Now I have no reason to know about surveying, you could perhaps tell me, Mr. Bass (with feeling) to give me a start."

"Well, I'm afraid you'll be beat all! I never 'pected to be 'sisted myself with what books I've got, and I'm a learnin'. Why, Barton, I don't know nothin' about it. Nevertheless, boy, I guess I know of a surveyin' button slide up. I mean that it is straight and the sun rises and sets where you are. But, Lord bless you, that won't help you on any land, and it'll would, I couldn't help you. Why don't you just go over to Dr. Woods? They say he's big on mathematics."

"That's a good idea," said Barton. "I'll consider it. I never thought of that. Now I come to think of it, I know that he has surveyed a good deal. He was about a while when they were running the lines for the railroad."

Tommy had been pulling away at a bag in it closet, and now brought out some hickory nuts. Barton was encouraged to fill to his pen with them, when Barton cut down his bargainable interest. Go he must. His errand must be specially performed. The night was wearing, and it would not do to be out late.

"But why on airth don't you ask your father, Barton? I guess he could tell you as well as any body."

"You know my father, Tommy. He's queer about some things. He's always stirring us up to find out things, and he wants us to find out for ourselves. He's a good man, father, or course, but he don't question but what he don't know his children can find out, and to find out, too, how to find out."

"Do, dear, now, Barton," said Rose's consort. "I'll tell you how. You can't calm her very easy. You know Dan's a baby when grown ones. And after a while it is just as easy, and a little easier, to find out your own religion than to be depending on other people to find them out for you. But I must be off. Are you through your nuts. I'll put some in my pocket. What do you suppose I could? You always know where the best trees are, Tommy."

"No, that's Patch work. Pete knows every nut, and every squirrel, and every berry that grows in these parts. You see my pa always well to walk with; a little baby, perhaps, especially when you can't be together and walk up the skids in proper time; but it's no use in a chestnut tree. A woodsy lot is a good thing though, Barton; never have to cut my wrists on that. Now I'm talking with a chuckle. "Not much paid out for about nothin'. Go to a blacksmith for a new shoe for a hoe? Never have rheumatism in that leg neither. Don't need no pills for that. Let it rest. Never cold on that leg—he he! he! So come. No, don't keep on my back. Don't catch fish blackin'. It's a real convenience. Sometimes I think they were animals—a sort of cross between an ox tools to keep 'em up."

"Come then, you ungrateful boy, and well beg, Tommy !"

"Of course I do. Often think of havin' it taken off. Very odd, you see, to have one fish leg and one wooden one. Fellow might say, 'How be odd, ye know,' said Tommy, winking at Rose, and then at Barton, and laughing at both heartily. "So queer, you know, to wake up in the night and turn over and find that you've got your wooden one. Never have rheumatism in that leg neither. Don't need no pills for that. Let it rest. Never cold on that leg—he!

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talking, and Barton abruptly bid Mother Taft good-night, and climbed after Jerry and Tommy from the top was still sailing some fur-ther remarks.

Mr. Edwards received Barton with a calm and dignified welcome, and appeared so accepted, and acted as one man who for forty years had been used to having hops come to him for everything. He had been a school-master all his life. Under his care the academy had exerted a high influence. The young men who filled for college there were uniformly remarked for their thorough scholarship and industrious habits.

Mr. Edwards was tall, thin, with a large gray eye, which was mild and gentle in repose, but kindled on an object under excitement; his face was white; his hair remained thick only around the sides of his head, which gave to his ft was very thin, and everywhere gray. His habitual sedentary was interfered with a geometrical bo of honor, which seldom brought out a laugh, sometimes a smile, but usually only a lighting up of his whole face, and a look of good nature even kindlier than usual. His long teaching had earned him a small property, which enabled him to live in the unexpensive way which he had planned him. He had been once married, but early lost his wife, and never again thought of marrying. His whole life was her memorial.

And his love, never spoken, and never, for years and years, too tender and fresh and re-mantic than in the days of his youth, buried like a lamp in some obscure chapel, fed by pious hands, nourished by day to the unseen by light, darkness and scarcely forever shining before the shrine of Love.

A widowed sister was the only companion of he home. Her hands performed the service of her of the household. Like her brother, she was unpretending, but, like him, she was a woman of intelligence. Her own family was childless, but never complained of the want. Her love for all spirit, there was something slightly formal, as it was not pedantic, but measured, as if he were translating his sentences from another tongue into his mother's tongue. Brother and sister were deeply attached to each other, but would no more think of expressing it than two roses, on the same stalk, would shake their heads at each except by glowing in the same light, carrying ing to one fate, and bending to the same wind.

Every night, when the tea things were removed, the curtain dropped, the few trimmed and the well-replenished fire in the grate, Mr. wood, the almost only luxury that he would have, regardless of expense, he took his seat, and she her work, and he would read aloud. Sometimes when anything events occurred, it would be a newspaper; at other times the magazine. But, whatever he read, he paused, and thus they kept along together, in the same home, with the same pleasures, and by the the least enjoyment of the same ideas. Sometimes he would listen to reading, and, for a moment, comment, or criticise, or unfortbly knowledge-which was single—upon some observation. But, usually, links was said, even in long pauses, both reflecting in silence.

There is something very wonderful in the fruitfulness of silence. Congress has been in session almost to forego speech, and yet habitual intimate sympathy and knowledge of each other. There grow up, insensibly, an instinct and an intuition in the eye, in the ear, and in the touch, which finely divide up and distribute the usual functions of a sister tongue.

In the morning she knocked at his door and he, hearing the knock, rose. Then he went to the sitting-room, where morning prayers he read a chapter in the Bible, and they knelt. It was a well-constructed order, performed with the light task in his study—for he still kept up a scholarly habit—and usually occupied about half an hour. Then they sat down to breakfast, which, in this family, was the principal meal of the day, and which was the longest, and the most social. Then he went to his garden and yard in summer, and to exercise quiet exercise, walks and gossip with her. The evening was for home and reading. There was no Sunday there. Every day was a Sunday.

Except a slight difference on visiting and resting days, you might call every day of the week a Sabbath, so alike were their days—calm, meditative, and tranquil. Twice as much was going on in the great city below which lay and shadowed the dwelling as within the house. Twice as much noise and racket did there as the crickets make in the garden, in summer, as ever was heard within the mansion. Twice as much were as nearly spiritual as can be conceived. It is true that both of them had bodies, but they were subordinated to the mind's more so utterly that they seemed to dry up and wither away. If they departed of their right as fleshly bodies and were perfectly ready to take on a spiritual state, in sister despair.

"Come in, Barton! sit down. What brings you to town so late? Is all is well, I trust?"

"Nothing, but a call to talk with you—about our affairs—and about going to college."

"Why, Barton, are you going to leave the farm? I thought you were to be the great farmer of the neighborhood? What does your father say?"

"He is willing—at any rate, he has given consent."

"What put it into your head? The last time I talked with you, you were been upon husbandry. It used to be a smoke-house, cattle, agriculture—the finest grass, the plumpest grain,—the choicest stock,—mountain pastures, and rich barns! All these are fled! Some new ambition?"

Barton did not acknowledge to himself the germ and spring of all these plans. He, perhaps, would have honestly denied their origin. He would say the influence that began to act on him to act upon us, that the condition and direction of our feelings are changed before we are aware that we are acted upon. Only the last stages of mental, spiritual, and especially emotional action become obvious. Many men see the growth of trees only when leaves are unfolded; few men notice the swelling of the bud. Yet more subtle influences, before a bud swells, have fed the purpling of the twigs and branches that a change has begun. But long before the purple color came, there was a stir within, and the sap began to move within to summer bud began. So can know that its plans of life were changed; but he did not be sent to the real spring to the notice the silent impression made by those; nor did he even admit himself that these had any important influence upon his life or thoughts. That she was the sister Alice's very self, as much as in were, he knew, and he called her his sister Alice.

Sister Alice!—that is a name of power, exceedingly mischievous, too, in the realm of love! It is very full of fraternal enthusiasm, for sisterly love, for unblushing friendship, for faithfulness and honest intimacy, for friendship without question, for love without sultry ardors. Brother and sister! This is the most simple and beautiful confidence of the ocean!

But that world stage is the covered way of love! It is the mask with loathfulness worn before it quite hideous enough to say love. It is a gentle hypocrisy, under which souls consent to remain and dream, in hope by-and-by of a rapturous waking! It is the half-way house between friendship and ardent affection. It is a neutral ground, on which men and women agree to commit no offensive action, and where both parties may indulge in the luxury of a speech or the easiness confess and since how fast intimacies grow! Young bold words are spoken! What free glances are exchanged! Love is war. The heart is taken by surprise under cover of truce, a truce, in which both parties are secretly preparing for the next sally.

First comes acquaintance—first is May; then friendship—first is June; then brother and sister—and then a July; and then love, which is August, 1st July and August are so much alike that no one can tell when one stops and the other begins!

Barton unfolded to Mr. Edwards, briefly, his ambition to surprise his father and received from him suitable information, the loan of several necessary books, the invitation to come once or twice a week for recitation, and the promise that, as soon as the season opened, Mr. Edwards would go out with him and give him practical instruction in the field.

The next Sunday found Barton, during the intermission of services, as usual, at Dr. Wentworth's. Nothing of his week's work did he forget. He had a natural delicacy of mind, which even spoke of himself—never of his lawsuit, or his success in trade.

Bond did not mention him. She walked with him, and gave a few commonplace remarks, and plans, speaking of common things.

But Barton knew that something had happened to Barton. He was very different. His manner was efficient. His morning visited in the

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SHIP NEWS.

BY N. O. SHEPHERD.

"Ho, Mr. Editor, stay your pen!
Here's news for you to set in type.
How all the shipping stirs and stirs,
The good old summer time is ripe.
With twice our limited noise and more,
Went down last night off Long Island shore.

Westward bound just three years ago
Three weeks ago to-day,
Sailed the ship Star for 'Frisco's coast
She steered out off Dublin bay;
With a cargo of coal, as rigid a sort
As ever voyaged betwixt port and port.

"What kind of weather, I feel or fair,
The gallant ship befell,
Till the end of the year our coast hot night,
No living soul may tell,
Or all we might send out of Dublin bay
In the ocean-belle three weeks to-day.

"A whither storm has been nobody knows
Than that of yesterday,
When the wind blew as it never blew
With the waves that ran this way.
And not a soul, were it ever so staunch,
In that sailing can ever be wreckless launch.

"Even less than this I might have to tell
Of the storm of yesternight,
But for pieces of wreck that came in and
At early morning light;
And the corpse of a sailor had that by
On the cork, ere it reached the shore.

Some mother's darling the poor boy was.
Perhaps her son been
From a letter hidden in his breast
From a mother's heart torn;
And the name of the lad, as I took it down,
In my note-book's memorandum, was Walter Brown.

"Good Mr. Editor, pause with me,
And think of this sailor lad,
Oh, know you aught, if only a word,
Of the ship that he sailed in?
For I have another tale to tell,
A noble lad, and my child!

"Harvard sailed just three weeks ago,
Three weeks ago to-day,
She was to sail over the same bay wave
From out of Dublin bay;
And all of Harry aboard the voyage, she said
Five days ago to have entered port.

"At last night with the ship to-day
While I lay in bed awake,
I heard the sad news in hawker's notice,
And I heard the windows shake;
And I heard the wind in its screaming pane
But could not hear the child's wail.

"The speak, if it only be one word,
If you think it be worth
To let know aught in the world, kind sir,
Of the good ship Harvard,
And Walter Brown, who three weeks to-day,
Sailed for this port out of Dublin bay."

TURNING THE TABLES.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Breakfast had just been cleared away, and the little sitting-room was very bright and cheerful in the clear forenoon sunshine. There were pots of purple-blossomed violets in the window sash, a bright-colored guitar hung on the sofa, and books piled on the table, and close by the fire, Harvey Haven had seated himself with her desk to write some letters.

She was a pretty, bright little woman, with bright brown hair, and eyes to match, and a resolute mouth that somehow carried out the expression of a nose that our French neighbors phrase "retroussé." Mary Haven had character — that you might see at one glance.

As she sat there, bending her pen, and un-

CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.

"Mrs. Haven, mum, if you please."

"Yes." And Mary Haven, answering at once by the infallible barometer of a woman's ear the rising thunderstorm in her domestic atmosphere, "What is it, cook?"

"It's that I've native not a kind mistress, mum," said Cook, twisting the hem of her checked apron, "and when the wages is good, not to say, company is allowed once a week and Sunday evenings always, but there are some things Bridget and blood can't stand, no more they can't, mum, and I'll be packing up with skirt-strings; and if you please to suit yourself, mum, at a month's notice."

"Why, cook, what is the matter?"

"Some one has been meddling with mum, and some can't—and if the barrel o' mackerel are not in the cooper, and the bacon-brave aint kept covered proper, the skeesers should tell me of it, and not the master, and if Mr. Haven thinks to be cook, mum, well and good, but I won't stay in that capacity."

And Cook flounced out, maintaining her apron obstinately, and shaking her say.

Mrs. Haven looked startled. She rose and went over to the door, where they met her husband, issues his coat, was endeavoring to move the refractory sleeve.

"You see, Bridget," he called out, "this is the way—and then the left arm is raised to the head—why, Mary, what—"

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Haven, "I thought you had gone to your office, Harry."

"I'm going presently," said Mr. Haven, "but see, Mary, everything does seem to go wrong and serious. It's well I came down occasionally. Cook has to answer company than a wild savage, and Bridget puts everything precisely where it shouldn't be. But what's the matter, looked over the grocers bill for the month?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Haven.

"Well, it's quite alarming. There must be a back somewhere in the cellar, where her husband, misses his coat, was endeavoring to move the

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FOR CHRISTIAN HOMES

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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We always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that, if you wish to continue it, you will not be obliged to send for a number at least, or wait before the paper comes.

TRAVELING AGENTS.—We employ no traveling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, do not pay him money on account of the LEDGER.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the President of Yale College, to be Published Weekly.

No. VIII.

ON THE STUDY OF THE MIND.

BY LAUREN P. HICKOK, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

It would be absurd to suppose that the eye could see how it sees, or that the ear could hear how it hears; but there is nothing absurd in knowing that the Mind may know how it knows. No organ of sense is constructed for exercising its own acts; while it is the high prerogative of the human mind to have as its sight live its processes of knowing. Both the worlds of matter and of mind become very different from the common apprehension, when the modes by which they are known have been carefully studied. The causal study everything is, and yet, laboriously to study many other subjects and neglect that of the mind, is a sad mistake; for no science can be thoroughly without some knowledge of the knowing itself; and, moreover, such neglects betrays an intellectual weakness, as an inexhaustible enjoyment in that thinking young men should make thought itself a topic of patient investigation.

Teachers and books may quicken and improve the mind, but it seems to study for itself. Impressed in the light of consciousness and reason alone. The meaning of a book is not found in the characters; the artificial clue for finding the living land in the field of the mind's own working. The Word will not carry over the thought from one mind to another, until the last has found the thought in his own mind, the same as the first possessed it. The truth we seek is already within us. The mind also is not a passive thing, going through many functions, and all its faculties are in unity. The interdependence of the faculties must determine the method of study, for the order must be the most natural, and the completeness will be when we have examined all.

Begin the study in the familiar with which all knowledge opens—*sense-experience*. The eye or any other organ may have been examined once, and most of them will be known except in a mechanical distinguishing part. Pass objects and therein situate what it is, and then limit such distinct quality and individual property to which it is. This limiting may be so much in place, giving its shape; or so much in period, giving its duration; or so much in degree, giving its amount of intensity. This will include all measures of quantity, and by such limitations the definitions given in the sense-book between book a distinct and a definite perception.

We know the object as such a quality in such a place, and in such a period, and of such a degree of intensity. This, for all practical purposes of all our organs of sense. The later experience of thinking, feeling, or acting will be what as if it were lined, or edged, or shaded, or defined, or colored, or otherwise modified and defined by the time-experience as the object and definitely as we do the outer qualities. So we know, in both the outer and the inner sense.

A second function, next to be studied, is the logical understanding. This is the mind's turning itself back in reflection upon the sense-experiences, and elaborating them into general judgments. By abstracting, comparing, and combining, new conceptions are formed; and nothing such qualities as invariably in sense appear in one place, or invariably in succession according to a fixed order of sequence, the mind judges those groups to be things, due to the aggregate appearances as a whole, and the series an order of flowing events, like the mechanism, the cause, and serious termination of the pressed grape-juice. The whole sense-experience in this way is constructed into conceptions of systems of nature, and the separate apprehension we know as a judgment. By the same process, the same qualities for the same thing, and the same order of successive events invariably occurring, are known as the laws of nature. Nothing can thus known, it must be noted, is simply the fact of such appearances together and in succession, and not that anything beyond the facts is known that determines that order of events. Understanding judges only according to sense, and never from anything beyond sense.

Thus far, all who study mind in the sense-experience may go on together. Hitherto many students and teachers stop short. Experience may supply perceptions and concepts and its judgments as above, but the footsteps of experience can be traced no further. Some have arbitrarily affirm that such perception is a knowing of things in themselves, immediately; others may say that we get the primary qualities of things externally and mediately, distinctly from touch; and another gets matter as force from communication to muscular pressure and infers a postulated force from the fact of a perceptible communication; but critical reflection on all modifications must logically stick in the bank of outward appearance, and can never penetrate to the kernel of nature, much less can it attain to the knowledge of an author of nature. It may profess a faith in the supersensible and supernatural, but it can take hold of nothing, it purely it, and the faith is only credulity. From the materiality of the mind which are connected with such functions, the attempt to know what lies beyond the appearance can only end in contradiction; and the belief that there is something under the qualities, and connecting the properties, and an absolute which originates all, can no better ground than that the mind feels its need of them.

Here we have come to another form of experience for the working of the logical understanding that is exactly the converse of the above, and this is the point in our method where it should be studied. Instead of faith in something permanent under the changing appearance, and which induces the appearance, it assumes merely a logical movement, that from its inner law of progress weaves the whole warp and woof of human experience. The logical

Philosophy starts with a thinking-movement and nothing else. Intelligence is a doing, but not as doing as if the acting potsed back to some existing cause. The living movement only is, and its on-going states or points tie together, and form such unity as logic, the thought-movement is our intelligent experience. The logical process patiently evolved is more exact, more minute, and more comprehensive; and the results of such a method, when fully apprehended, will ever stand as a wonder and astonishment among speculative investors. It demands for all its subjective; given to the thought, and its boast is that it leaves no dark area of existence, either a nonentity or a soul, dissolved and metaphysicals. He refutation is indeed, which it does find, for the source of all appearance, as its opponents may take some personal thing but of appearance, which it does not find, for the source of all sense-affection, the only problem of simplicity beyond which its illusion is given in the reason, from which we may confidently now that this Mediator can never be determined to a common space and a continuous time, but must be all experience with as varied spaces and times as those of our different organs, and all its subjective; given to thinker for himself, and nothing to determine the manner and degree of credit for what he thought. Berkeley and Hill, each in his way, are fatalists, but the Spirit and Reality of Ideality, suppose some other thing in itself to have its law and work by which it determines it, while the German mind quite largely works out the same answer by the same principle but of the logical movement. The different processes of understanding, and in the various, are the same sequence with of experience will an intelligent reason.

A third function of intelligence is the *Reason*. This is the mind's analysis of the results of the deductions and intuitions of the understanding, and by Kant is the regulative faculty. This is an attempt to reach the absolute. Rightly it denies that the mind can reach any knowledge by knowing which attains its own objects to the absolute nature of the thing considered, while it separates the human mind from all truth-intuitions. These rules are rational, and there is no reason more or less, but multitudes have no such reason, and are therefore forced to believe in the sole organ for all speculative philosophy, and the only one for all practical life. Reason has almost always stopped from going beyond the sense-experience, and has therefore no knowledge of his highest form of knowing; and the mind has been left to suppose that all knowledge of its highest form of knowing, and the mind has been left to suppose that all only with appearances and their relations; the reason trusts in appearances as the last reasons, was conditional that experience itself was the absolute, and so as to say that we do not to know the necessary and the universal, as necessary and universal, is the highest act of the function is, and how it works, and what its results are, and how it is to be studied, at it is operation on its own soil.

In the sense-experience we perceive shape and place. Place can be known where the reason knows it, and so shape can be known but as the defining agency reaches it. In the understanding we have time and space, and carry the line in any extent, it is that limited by the reason. Time and space can be but is beyond in the unknown. The pure imaginary representations of time and space are known in relativity, in the approximation that, how far soever it may be, it may yet go further. There is still a beyond all unknown until it shall go to the absolute, and then there is no beyond. We may not be further explored, but the universe is explored. Reason knows that it is not known must be this place for the knowing, and that the knowing is the line must be carried further in its movement to the absolute.

But just here we may apply the wisely difference between reason and reason by the light into this pure sense-place can see what belongs to sense-experience, and what to reason. It comprehends the limited place in illustrations, but the reason knows that is to hold a sense of a concrete whole, to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be taken, and which is unchangeable in every point. The reason knows that it is still without the limits of the reason's space-infinite. The same-infinite, and stretching out beyond it. The reason knows the reason-infinite is the container of all possible space-infinite. That is what the Germans have expressively call "a miserable kind of infinite." It is not true. Space has been known in every that period as well as place may be infinitely extended, but still an infinite extension is finite, for within the reason's infinite line. The reason knows that space is infinite, and that space is infinite, or even its finite. The same only is true within the reason's infinite line.

Further, sense can measure the straight line between two points, but it can never measure the measure other lines than the straight one between the same two points, and so by sense. The other lines are longer than the straight line, and are known to be longer by reason. The shortest is just so many cases as it has measured, but the reason knows that it is infinite, as in the diagram itself of a straight line between two points, and that it is longer than the line of sense. The reason knows that the curved line is longer than the straight line in this diagram, but it can never measure the amount of excess in its space, that universally the straight line must be the shortest. One who every line is impossible for presenting an axiom, or such a one as the greatest line, succeeded in the steps to a final demonstration; the reason immediately knows that the line is the shortest. Sense can be arithmetician with counters, and measure off a straight line by such counters, but reason can know the universal truths or mathematics by the light of intelligence, and not by sense.

Again, to the sense, there is place perceived in shape, and space perceived in the manner where there is succession; but as with the sense and the reason, the reason can know space as it is, if we take away the extended and successive appearances. Space is not a thing, nor does it depart with them, but as when the senses of a sensible form and succession are taken away, the whole also pass away. Each man's place and space are his own, separate, exclusive, as he extended and successive appearances are for him. It is not possible for two men to have the determining, judging according to sense, to determine the place-space of any two objects in space and time. The sense and the logical judgment can not combine for us in common time for us. The outer things themselves determine the places and periods of their sense-appearance for all men, and thus for all men they determine the one space and one time to be in common.

Now each rational soul with its interacting forms is, for the reason, real existence and cause existing above sense, and the principle of the mechanical composition and resolution of forces must give its necessary and universal law to nature, and due to the reason only can the knowing in natural philosophy be possible.

Now, also, the reason can know that there is space, exclusive of the material it contains; it can know anywhere just where it is, from the perspective of the contained sound. The forms in space and in time can be considered by reason as to express living sentiment, and thus exhibit the reason's life in its wide varieties. But the reason knows as to rational sense can, and each sentiment is not to be expressed by the sense-experience, but by the reason as expressed, belongs to the aesthetic sense of taste. The creation of such ideas, and the painting of them into form and tone, is fine art. The human sentiment so expressed is the aesthetic of all superhuman sentiment so exhibited is Sublimity; and in this province can reason alone have any knowledge or sympathy. Such living sentiment may be found in the grandeur of nature, as well as in the productions of art, and the fitness of the parts to produce such reason takes as its standard, and works or criticises accordingly. The appeal is to no sense appetite, but solely to the reason's apprehension and delighted contemplation. Only reason can be artist.

However, reason, from its insight into man himself, knows him to be both animal and rational, and therefore provide for what is the supposition of the rational should control the animal nature of the subject. The reason also knows an absolute imperative to the man, separate from the sense-appetite, that he is a law to himself, and this knowing is source also for the consciousness of responsibility. It is not upon to all moral obligation, and can hold to the sense-appetite of some natural law to the moral sense. In the man knows himself to be person and free, and that he is not a mere thing whose logical judging can erase with the sphere of the sense-appetite, and that he is not a mere accidental in satisfying highest happiness, since he knows himself to be free to act against his conscience. His reason must see himself as free, and his conscience must feel itself as contemplate himself in his ultimate end. He knows that he is responsible to himself, and his own conscience does not approve himself; and his reason, as rational, can find no justification for conscience inventedness. This is the highest form of knowledge in the mind's study.

And only once more, the reason acts in the sense-experience, and in the understanding's comprehension of their existing in outward expression, but reason knows that sentiment can not be expressed in the sense-experience, but must have within himself the perfect ideas of the sense-experience, and that the sense-experience must have prompted and guided in the creation of the sense-experience, and conceived in the sphere. And here is the knowing which opens for the reason the highest and most glorious for man. Above philosophy, art, or morals; man knows that he is responsible, and must answer only with deity, and come into immortal communion with the Author of his being, and in the things that are made, eternal power and Godhead.

In all these ways the knowing of reason is known to be the highest form of knowing, and perfect. The reason knows that a form of knowing is the highest, and the reason's own, would be an impossibility and absurdity. Reason is the highest form of knowing in reality.

We have found space only for directing to the study of the intellect, and since effective mental activities is the highest, and only true discipline,

MANUFACTURED LIGHTNING.

Prof. Rood, the discoverer of "Manufactured Lightning," was a passenger on the train which was struck by lightning, near Glen Gulch, on the 15th inst. Glen Gulch is a deep gorge, with steep sides, and the train was passing through it when the storm burst. Rain and galvanic troughs three or four feet long, by six inches wide, connected by a wire conducting the electric fluid, and a battery of Leyden jars. Prof. Rood has been experimenting with our own best imitation of a thunder-cloud. It is found that the best means known to us is a scamp of platinum with electricity. What a leap it is, from the scamp of platinum to the sky! Yet its control we-ish the earth he would be wonderful. Its control we-ish the earth he would be wonderful. Its control we-ish the earth he would be wonderful. Its control we-ish the earth he would be wonderful.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

Some proverbial philosopher, antecedent to the Christian era, has declared that "Knowledge is power that "Variety is the spice of life." Pretty to the point in his mind as professional a knowledge as perhaps, agree with him. Hundreds of observations, philosophical and practical, have been ground engendered by monotony, and every now and then the cultivation of the spice of variety of life in order to escape its numbness. The fact is that we are all more or less creatures of habit, born to be extinct. In the absence of excitement, habit settles down upon us, benumbs, deadened up occasionally so much as a contact or a shock, and it is only when we are startled in some way or other he is as sure to be a failure as a consummate success. Habit is the drug that we stirred up most beneficially! that is the quiet life of the man who is content to live and die unknown.

Variety. But there are changes from good to bad, and from bad to good. Some men make variety pracing with swearing, or after wasting their time in idleness, or after the murder. Change from such to better habits is variety. Change from work to play is pleasant and healthful. Change from pleasure to business is beneficial and invigorating. But there are changes that are not variety, and seasons are conducive to the health of mind and body. We must be careful to vary the monotony of labor wisely. Dissipation is not recreation. Frivolous pursuits enfeeble the mind more than the hardest mental toil. There is no harm in being merry—not a bit. The same power that endowed us with powerful biceps muscles to work with, also gave us risible muscles to laugh with, and meant that we should make our sides as well as use our arms. "In everything there is a season," says the shrewd and pious Solomon—"a time for every purpose under heaven,—a time to get, a time to lose, a time to keep, and a time to cast away."

EXECUTION OF DAMIENS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

There are those who think that people in past times were wiser and better than the present. Such persons should read Voltaire. There are any such persons in readers of Voltaire, I submit for their consideration the following account of the execution of Damiens.

Damiens was a servant who, on January 5th, 1757, struck Louis XV., king of France, down to the palace of Versailles to visit his daughters. All remaining with them for an hour or two, he descended to his carriage, intending to return to the residence of one of his ministers. As he was about to get into the carriage, a stout man, dressed in black, pushed aside the officer in attendance, came up to the king, put his hand upon his shoulder, and gave him a stab in the side with a pocket-knife. The man made no attempt to escape, although in the darkness of the evening he probably could have escaped, as there were few persons in waiting. The king feeling himself wounded, cried out:

"I am assassinated! There is the man; arrest him, and do him no harm!"

The man was immediately taken, and made no resistance. The king walked no more in a room, and the wound, which was exceedingly slight, was pronounced healed. In the pocket of the prisoner were found thirty louis d'ors, some silver money, and a well-bound copy of the Bible.

The consternation and horror which this event caused in France, it is difficult to describe. All the princes and nobles hurried to the palace, to the monarch's bedside. "In an hour," says Voltaire, "the whole capital was thronged with persons who came to express their delight, agitation, and to govern the kingdom, and made a discourse to the king, which they are delighted to hear, mortified." The people of Paris filled the churches, and prayed. It is said, "never was a king loved by grief," that when they came to pray for the king, they found the churches already thronged; and the "whole congregation shut their eyes, and wept bitterly." Voltaire himself thought the English had done it; others, the Jesuits; and the Jesuits, the Jansenists; and that in one day two hundred pupils were taken from the Jesuit schools by their parents. Damiens was allowed to leave the city; and in short, the whole nation was in the utmost terror. It all served in a box—when the queen-box is opened, and the king is dead.

Damiens, the assassin, is to be tried, and undergoing examination. He was taken and bound to a chair, and his clothes were taken off his body-guard, whose he was first made to drink a solution to counteract the poison which, it was thought, he might have taken. The soldiers then took off his clothes, and searched every part of all that he had upon him. An officer of high rank was ordered on oath to look the prisoner in the face, and burn the legs of the poor wretch, which were bound to the chair, with a couple of bolsters. He was so severely burned that he was a sufferer thereafter; but he was not permitted to live. It was even proposed in the council that he should be torn to pieces by horses, and burn him upon the spot; and this would undoubtedly have been done, but for the opposition of a civilian who was present. He was therefore taken to the Conciergerie, a prison, where his was guarded by fifty gendarmes, four of whom remaining in his room, day and night. He expressed a desire to write a letter to the king, and was allowed to write and sign a confession, he produced the following epistle:

"Sire, I ask your pardon for having had the misfortune to approach you; but if you do not take the part of your people, before many years they will take yours. I am poor and some others will perish. It would be a great pity if you were to be assassinated."

Damiens was then told that his confession would not be received unless he signed his name. He was told that his confession would be safe. Unfortunately for you, your majesty, have been assassinated, but this is wholly of their own fault, and if you will not be so good, for your people's sake, to take care of yourself, you will be assassinated. I sign, with my hand and seal, the declaration which I have made, and which is true. I am a wretch, and I deserve to die, but I am not the only one who has committed this crime. I am not the only one who has committed this crime. I am not the only one who has committed this crime.

The Archbishop of Paris is the cause of all the evil, by his refusal of the sacraments to the priests. After the cruel crime which I have committed against the king, I have received the sacraments, and I am sorry for having committed it. I ask your pardon from your majesty's goodness.

DAMIENS."

Damiens hoped to have the honor of presenting to your majesty that, notwithstanding the orders which had been given to the contrary, the Grand Messenger, the Count of the Saint, made a pair of boots for the king, and that he was to put them on his majesty's feet. He was told that the king was dead, and he promised to reward them. He further said that he had a secret to reveal to the king, but when upon the fire, in order to burn me in it; and Monsieur Le Dieu, who listened to him, and counting their design, I should not have been able to make my escape. I am a wretch, and I deserve to die.

The reader might infer from this letter alone that this poor Robert Peter Damiens was a half-witted fanatic; but his subsequent examination proves him to be a man of intelligence. He had been for some years agitated by the controversy which was distracting France in his time, and was a controversy similar to that which formerly divided the Christian world between "faith and "faith and works." But in Catholic France, where the Jesuits controversy on points of doctrine was not permitted, and the government silenced every voice but that of the Catholic party, supported by the royal authority, the archbishop of Paris went so far as to deny absolution, and the last offices of the Church to dying persons unless they had received absolution from a priest of the Jesuit order. This was the point which Damiens had taken to heart for many years a servant in noble families, and had frequently seen the priests refuse the last sacrament being refused to the dying extreme unction. He had witnessed a scene of this kind before a dying woman had given up the ghost, and had been deeply affected by it. He asserted, that his intention had been not to kill, but to wound the king, and indeed he could not meet he had used only hardly have given a mortal blow, as he had struck with a penknife. The man was not put into an insane asylum and executed, but he was put to the torture, and on the 17th of March he died.

On the first days, they arrested all his relations who could be found in France—his wife, who was a cook; his daughter, who was a seamstress; his brother, who was also a servant. They put to the torture a man who married his brother's daughter, a pretty sewing girl of twenty-two. They were all examined in turn, and all declared that they knew nothing of his crime. Every paper found in his room, and the lawyers were summoned, one of whom testified that Damiens was "one of those idiots who are capable of being led by sublime paths to the highest degree of crime."

After a long trial, in which nothing of importance was discovered, the twenty-eighth of March was appointed as the day for his torture and execution. The prisons of the blood and the dukes of the kingdom demanded to be present when the torture was applied. This, however, was refused. On the morning of the day named, he was taken to the torture-chamber and subjected to the greatest amount of anguish which he could endure without danger of dying. As a writer observes, "the wedges used in compressing his legs were inserted at intervals, as he not to *torture* him; and if he appeared on the point of swooning, the wedge was removed and re-inserted after a time." He constantly asserted that he had no accomplices and that he had revealed his intention to no one.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, escorted by several regiments of Guards, he was conveyed toward the scaffold, but by ways so circuitous and with so many pauses that he was an hour and a half in reaching it. When, at length, he did arrive, there was another delay of half an hour during which he was in full view at the preparations for his execution. All the while, in the pleasant, and a considerable multitude, of whom were women and some of high rank, he was bound naked upon a cross of St. Andrew, his right hand, with which he had struck the king, burned off, and melted lead and boiling oil from him hot by red-hot pincers, and melted lead and resin poured into the wounds; both legs and one arm had been torn off that the portion captured.

From the moment when the execution began until he breathed his last was about an hour and a quarter, during which he uttered no cry, but only groans. The limbs and muscles extorted from him by his agony. His body was then burned, and the ashes cast to the winds. It was purchased of his proprietor, and destroyed.

Such was the horrible punishment by which it revenged extravagantly every person who had struck, or tried to strike, at the royal person. To each of the two judges who sentenced Damiens to torture a gratuity of 2,000 francs was given; a year was granted. The lawyers, the torturers, and the executioner were also liberally recompensed; "more so," says Voltaire, "than the generals who had gained battles in Germany." Nor can I discover that one man in a thousand, at that day, disapproved the treatment of Damiens.

Such was the result in debauchery and superstition, had become so unpopular that when he appeared upon the scaffold, and was asked if he were faint and few, but when, a few weeks later, the king himself was wounded, the whole people, and the whole nation, was roused to its feet. Mr. Schmidt, the astronomer, who was in Athens in 1788, and were of course very sensitive to him. He, Schmidt, erected a royal observatory in Athens, who was the first to report it to the world. Mr. Schmidt's disappearance as if it had been [illegible]

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MY NEIGHBOR.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Jessie Tailor
Is my neighbor,
Sprightly, sweet, and seventeen;
I would do a Christian's duty
By this little village beauty,
If there were not such an ogre on the scene!

Yes, her father,
He is rather
Boasting-rich, and stern;
Glaring out with savage wonder,
Hearing only a voice of blunder,
If my eyes that way I copy chance to turn!

Jessie Tailor
Is my neighbor;
I should like to know what's the law!
I have forgiven human frailty;
Thy my duty—what's ignore it?
And my conscience suffers from the old bugbear!

When she's sitting
At her knitting,
Fingers flitting in and out,
You will find, I'm very certain,
Her papa behind the curtain,
So you'd better have a care what you're about!

Once I spied her,
Name unaware!
And I fancied 'twould be nice
With my secret to surprise her;
But our effort made me wiser,
And I thought—the object scarcely worth the price!

I'm no coward,
Arrant coward,
Yet I'm risk nor slight daunt;
But the fear of an abortion,
Or the will to a heavier portion,
And concern to bring bonnet—more than once!

How discover
I'm her lover?
How be sure my suit's approved?
While near strangers enquiring,
I am ever hopeful, praying,
Praying—that the curse may be removed!

Jessie Tailor
Is my neighbor:
Such the law I don't despise;
But that buried son of ever
Is the bane of my life,
Who has sworn to keep her out of Paradise!

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "HOUSEKEEPER, THE MAN-EATER," "HELP-MATE," "HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE DERBY.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stake the hazard of the throw.
—Shakspeare.

"Oh, it is impossible! I wonder if it is not always drizzling in this whimpering climate," grumbled Lord Lenny, as next Dreadnaught they pulls earlier very early on the morning of the Derby Day.

"It is but a light drizzle; it will not hurt us and it must clear off presently," suggested Dunilla, hopefully.

"All ready, my darlings! That is right, for we must make an early start if we wish to get a good position on the road. I don't know that reserved places are ever taken in advance for the Derby; but I do know that we have not secured any. Hang for breakfast, Anna, my child, and we must be off. Now, where is Dick?" inquired the general, as he joined his young people.

"He has stepped around to the livery stable to make sure of the horses we engaged. He is a thoughtful boy, Dick is, papa," said Dunilla.

Dick came up out of a stable, of course but the faintest shadow of an excuse to go into one. Well, he might go into worse places," said the general, just at the absentee returned.

"A smug, well appointed, spacious barouche and a fine pair of horses! Altogether as good a turn-out as to be had for love or money," said Dick, as he threw himself into a chair.

"But what is that you have there?" inquired the general, pointing to a well-dried parcel rolled up in tissue paper which Mr. Hammond carried in his hands.

"This? Oh, this contains our veils," answered Dick, stretching the parcel and displaying cards of black and white gauzes, brown and gray laciage.

"Veils!"

"Yes, sir, the Derby. I saw other fellows buying veils and they told me I was the silliest fellow to buy a veil that you know. There, Anna, there's a blue one for you. I wouldn't take the trouble to buy a lady's veil, but it is only to be used for one occasion, and is useful for anything else afterwards. Brown for you, you have the green one; and little Anna, you mauve; and Dunilla, here are two—a gray and a brown, for you and me. I thought you would like a colored veil best, so I do. We are to tie them around our hats," said Dick, offering the others of the remaining veils to the general.

The veteran soldier laughed and shook his head.

"But, uncle, every gentleman wears a veil."

"Nonsense, Dick! somebody has been selling you."

"Indeed, no, they were all buying veils and fastening them to their hats."

"Then I'll be hanged if I make myself ridiculous by wearing a veil like a girl."

"Well, then, you'll get yourself blinded, deafened, stunned and suffocated by the dust—in eyes, ears, nostrils and bronchial tubes will all be filled."

"I should like to know where the dust is to come from on such a day as this! Do you see how it is raining?"

"Don't know it! only know what the fellows here tell me."

"They are spinning you, sir, I said before, my lord opined."

At this moment the door was opened and Mr. Spencer and Mr. Bertram were announced.

These were two young gentlemen, who had been fellow-students with Dick Hammond, and whom the general had met on the day before and invited to accompany him to go to the Derby with his party.

After bowing to the ladies and shaking hands with the gentlemen, the new-comers took the seats offered them and entered immediately into an engrossing subject of the hour.

"Fine day for the Derby, sir!" said Mr. Spencer, who had been three years in London studying at the Medical University, and who might be supposed to be posted on the subject.

"Very fine day for the Derby."

"Fine day! Why, do you see how it is raining?" demanded the general, impatiently.

"Drizzling, sir, drizzling; just enough to lay the dust."

"Dust! ah! by the way that reminds me! Here is a lunatic has brought in an assortment of veils and he says we must each wear one—next and nearest, both."

"Oh, yes, sir—the regular thing, you know, like the thing at court. It is to protect the wearer from the smothering dust."

"Ah!" said the general, frowning, "as I was just asking my nephew when you came in, where is the dust to come from on such a day as this?"

"Oh, sir, it may clear up by the time we shall be coming home. And it is in the home-coming we raise the sirocco. We must be prepared for the worst."

"Worst! Do you call clear weather the worst?"

"The worst possible for the Derby, sir. But this is a truth that you will never be able to believe until you see it demonstrated. And you will probably see it three to-day."

As they talked, the waiter came in to lay the cloth for breakfast.

Watching his opportunity, he presently came to General Lynn, and said, in a low, respectful voice:

"Beg pardon, sir, but would you like to have a luncheon put up to take with you?"

"Eh? Yes, to-fancy," replied the general, at the same time turning towards his young visitors a curiously appealing look, as much as to say:

"You see even this waiter knows me to be a gentleman."

"What would you please to order, sir?" inquired John.

"Eh?—oh, anything at all! something nice and tidy."

"Pigeon-pie, sir, if you please?"

"Pigeon-pie, pigeon-pie the regular thing!" said the general, winking at his friend.

"Pigeon-pie it is one of the regular things. Derby Day without pigeon-pie would be—an ill-omened arrangement."

Well, Spencer, my dear boy, as you are

PREPARING FOR THE DERBY.

not to be with us, we will quite ready!" inquired the general.

"Quite," answered every body else.

"Then, come!"

And he took Dunilla's hand, and drew it within his arm, and led the way down stairs.

A large, open, handsome, four in hand pair of horses, stood waiting the general's family. A young dog-cart with a groom on the seat, for the young gentlemen.

Dunilla and Anna were handed into the back seat. The general sat in front, and by his side Dick Hammond. Then the dog-cart followed and up beside the driver. Jacob rode behind, with a young groom by his side.

The party started—the general's barouche leading the way.

The drizzling rain had ceased, and the clouds were dispersing before the light wind.

The streets of London, always crowded, were now thronged; and the thoroughfares were filled with the multitudes of the people's faces and the horses' heads were turned in one direction, and every body—men, women, and child, said and almost alone—was becoming excited and more interested every moment.

Vehicles and equipages of every description figured, but with the Derby Day Crowded carriages of all descriptions, coaches, omnibuses, donkeys, and foot-passengers of all ages and sexes, thronged the streets, and talk and laughter, calls and shouts resounded through the air. It looked as if London were suddenly being evacuated by its whole population, and the people were making a merry jubilee of the matter. And all were pouring towards the south-western suburb.

In such a throng the progress of our party was necessarily very slow, yet with none of the restless of a slow progress. The great crowd of people and of vehicles going all one way; the variety of individuals and characters; the total abandonment of all reserve; the hailings and the challenges; the jests and the mustches of the pedestrians; the grotesque decorations of the horses and carriages, and even of some of the people; the perfect novelty of the scene; and the exhilaration of all animated creatures that composed it, united to make the way to progress charming to the unaccustomed minds and eyes of the young Americans.

Dunilla and Anna were delighted. Little Lenny absorbed, was not a word behind them in her ecstacies. Old General Lynn's eyes twinkled and twinkled, and sometimes his brain into a good hearty laugh. As for Dick, he was the life of the party—his head could not have got a head of him in laughing back the jokes which were handled at him on either way. Only Jacob, hanging on behind, stared with still an increasing gravity of face, as the wonders of London opened before him.

"I say, you jolly old bowl (owl)," called a cockney from a neighboring carriage to General Lynn, "where did you get that gentle you've got perched up behind there, hay?"

"From a country where they nourish monkies somewhere about Dick, answering for the general.

"So I went on.

"But this is nothing at all to what it will be when we get out of London and fairly on to Epsom road," shouted Henry Spencer from his driving seat.

"If this is only the beginning, it is worth coming to see the end. Anna can count the fun only, but the Derby Day?" said the general.

"They say the road to Epsom is fascinating," Henry Spencer.

"They say upon the Epsom road, our friends found it as their guests had predicted. The crowd grew more dense, the vehicles more in greater now. And it thickened with every mile. The equipages of all descriptions increased in number and splendor, as they approached the Derby Course.

The road was as one vast river of human beings, with their conveyances pouring the mills towards Epsom. And every cross country road was a tributary stream helping to swell the flood.

Every description of wheeled vehicles known to the civilized world—broughams, barouches, landaus, chaises, buggies, mikies, gigs, coaches, omnibuses, donkey-carts, hackney-carts, drags, waggons, jaunting cars, in an endless number and variety, glided along in every side, while species of quadrupeds—horses, mules, donkeys, goats, dogs, etc.—dragged and carried and pressed together for miles and miles behind and before the main road and up and down every branch road—crowding towards Epsom.

In this vast, moving, united multitude the only seeming fixed and stationary objects were the numerous booths and tents, and all, or nearly all, in high good humor.

Pressed on all sides as they were—behind, before, and on both sides—in the midst of them, in the barouche and their young companions in the dog-cart, the general's party were altogether delighted with the novelty of the scene. The general sat in front, and by his side Dick Hammond, with Dunilla and Anna behind and up beside the driver. Jacob rode behind, with a young groom by his side.

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But truth to tell, the rapscallions seemed the heartier, if not the finer party of the two.

And many jests flew over General Lynn's head between the Bohemians in the old omnibus and a young member of the dandy family who occupied a seat on the box beside the coachman, for that one day "free-born Britons" of every rank enjoyed something like liberty and equality—not to say unbridled license.

"Hey day! what's the matter now?" exclaimed the general, as the whole immense march, with its rolling and plunging of quadrupeds, came to a dead halt.

"Only a block at the turnpike gate, sir," called out a vagrant from the old bus.

"A lock at the turnpike gate! the shame," replied the innocent old gentleman; "the gate should never be locked in the up-time, and most especially on such a day as this, when they must keep such a vast multitude of people waiting while they unlock it."

The general was pleased by a burst of hearty laughter from the occupants of the old omnibus, as well as from all others who heard it. They laughed at the speaker and chaffed him.

"You change all that when you get into parliament," sang out one.

"I say! what's your name, you jolly old soul? Old King Cole?" inquired another.

Then all the old omnibus sang out together:

"Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he—
He called for his bowls and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his coconuts three."

"Oh, what the deuce have I said wrong? What do they mean?" inquired the general, much annoyed at finding himself the centre of observation.

"You have said nothing wrong, and they mean nothing offensive. It is the Derby Day! Good-humor for all, guess you see?" answered Dick, laughing.

He also had the luck. They were chaffing me about that."

"I say, you know that there is now more than one lock at every turnpike gate! There is the Epsom Road Company's gate, and the Surrey, and there is a lock of interlocked carriage wheels, reaching, perhaps, for ten miles along the road."

"Whether once a lock of fourteen miles long, all caused by an ill-conditioned fellow in a brougham, who thought the way at the toll-gate for every gentleman, disputing about his change," said the young gentleman who seemed best posted in coachmen on the right-hand carriage; for on this Bohemian day Knight deserve was laid aside, and strangers spoke together as familiar friends.

"Unluckily for the poor fellow, he was not one of the best hearts in the world, and a heavy penalty, probably, was exacted of him," said the fellow who had spoken first.

horse, and that is the truth. But I care a great deal for the human interest in the vast scene. Will the lively ever go down and pass away, like the other glories of this world? And will the way be to our great grandchildren as the way of their days? Ah, you should have seen Old Derby as it was when I was young." Shall we talk so to our dear friends, Dick—

"Grandchildren, Mr. Derby may continue to increase in importance; it ought to do so. I hope it may," replied Dick, as he resumed his seat.

Jacob started his horses, and they drove down the hill at a very rapid rate.

On each side of the road were now to be seen the clustered tents of the gipsy wanderers; the decorated booths of the showmen; the tempting fruit-stalls of the costermongers; and among them all, groups of country people and lovers of mockery, and all the heterogeneous assembly of hipsels and quadrupeds that on the Derby Day infest the neighborhood of Epsom.

Slowly making their way through all these, our party reached and passed the first barrier (for Epsom Heath is divided off into circles, the entrance to each succeeding one towards the hill or the Grand Stand, commanding a higher and higher price).

Our friends found themselves upon the heath, that was occupied by very much the same sort of crowd which had contrasted the roads leading thither. It was dotted all over by gipsies' tents, fruit stalls, refreshment-stands, conundrum-carts, and, as on fairs, and so forth, and animated by lifters, fiddlers, puffers, ballad-singers, Jim-crows, fortune-tellers, "sandblowers" men and women, thieves, gamblers, and, in short, every variety of the lower order of human nature.

Passing through all these—passing barrier after barrier, and circle after circle, our party at last found themselves upon the fine bevel and commanding hill, which was comparatively free from the crowd, and enjoyed the view, the carriages of the nobility and gentry, filled with fair women and well-attached men.

CHAPTER LXIV

THE CIRCUS.

"There is the long line of the olden time,
Each in its own equipage of the time,
Mixed with a sweeping stallion, and strange triangles,
And the crowd shouting, and the drum beating,
Under their feet, the pleasant earth,
That comfortable mother of your very self."

The groups and the friends selected the best front sites that were left vacant, and had their carriages turned across with the horses' heads from them and led away to distant stalls and feeding.

Then they re-united themselves and looked about them.

What a sight! what a crowd! what a turmoil! Far as the eye could reach on every side a turbulent sea of humanity!

Where could the people all have sprung from? Had London emptied itself of its population upon Epsom Heath? Had Paris, St. Petersburg and all the great continental cities contributed their thousands? Had earth given up her dead and risen from her deep to swell the scene?

At first, as Lenil, all seemed but a turbulent sea of human beings; but gradually individual images came out of the confusion.

Most prominent among these was the Grand Stand, an elevated and railed platform or gallery where the gentlemen in immediate connection gathered to make up their betting-books and watch the race.

And most interesting, especially to ladies, was the Royal Box with its cushioned seats, and mounted by its crown and canopy of state all in burning scarlet and gold. Neither the Queen nor any of the princesses occupied the royal box; only three or four of the princes, with their lords in waiting, were present.

Yet around that box many feel-classes were levelled—Anna's among the rest, for—

"A gentleman stone mightier as a king."

But a king he is!

And during the queen's presence, the queen's ones were objects of absorbing interest.

"Sethey Vanetia, nor any of the princesses are here," said Anna, lowering her glass with a look of disappointment.

The queen not only the princesses over come to the Derby. They may see them at the Ascot Races, however, which are considered more fashionable, though very much less famous and splendid than these," replied Mr. Spencer, who had left his seat in the gig to come and stand beside General Lyle's barouche and talk to the young people.

Anna next criticised the splendid dresses of the ladies who filled the open carriages on the hill; and on occasion do ladies dress more splendidly than for the Derby Day.

"Good gracious! Half the milliner's and jewellers' establishments in London and Paris must be emptied of their contents," she exclaimed, as her eyes roved over the various and dazzling display.

Out from the seething mass of humanity on the heath below came other individual pictures. Here and there a poor little pale, hollow-cheeked boy escaping from duty and passing through all hour for stray routs and bones, or apple pudings, and orange peel, stopped from the tempting banner of some prosperous feeder; now and then and some grandly beautiful woman with flaunting dress and blanket air proclaimed for a very few days angel; here and there some saucy-eyed child of Italy picking up a few pennies by singing to the accompaniment of a native lark," and everywhere a busy, bustling, gipsy crowd trying to make their own fortunes by selling other people's—everywhere gentle-men of all grades of honor and science—everywhere leaders in the betting or universal gambling—officers in every order; trying very hard not to interfere with the betting or universal gambling, on this one gracious day of their lives, and very hungry. A pickpocket, if detected, would be arrested, of course; but as for the rest, gipsies might work pennies to one and gang bag, and starving little children pilfer, with some to spend, and less merciful than the Lord Father.

There was so much to see! such an infinite variety of life! The Derby race, though the greatest interest of the day, was not a thousandth part of the sights. If no race had come off, the assembly itself was well worth coming to see and sitting through a whole day to study.

Anna, Estella and General Lyle, were well content to occupy their seats and spend their time in calmly contemplating the scene around them.

But the three young men, Dick, Spencer-and Trelegar, wished to mingle with the active life around, to see, making an occasion to go and canvass of the race, they bowed and left the hill and soon disappeared in the crowd on the heath.

Many other gentlemen who were in attendance upon the ladies on the hill, also left their carriages and went down; others who had been down were now coming up—so that there was a continual moving about of foot-passengers.

"Look, look, Estella! there is a gipsy telling fortunes at that carriage next but one o-on, oh! the left! Antipodes, when she has finished there, do beckon her to come here!" eagerly exclaimed Anna.

"Nonsense, my child! you never want the crone to tell your fortune!"

"Oh, yes, but I do indeed!" exclaimed Anna, excitedly.

"Tut, tut! you don't believe in such tomfoolery!"

"No, I don't believe in it of course; but I want to hear what the gipsy will have to say to me for all that. Do watch her, grandpa; and, as soon as she has done with those ladies call her here. Grandpa, I never saw a gipsy except at a distance. Do you think a real gipsy has any life before, and may never have a chance of seeing one again? Oh, do call her back when she, as soon as she is at liberty!"

"Well, well, my dear, you have the right to make a goose of yourself if you please, and I will not hinder you. But I will not have you cheated."

"Ah, there's Dick come back! Dick, come here, I want you!" called Anna.

And Dick, who had left his companions among their betting friends and returned to the hill alone, now came up to the carriage.

"Dick, I'm so glad you've come back! There's a gipsy telling fortunes at that carriage—I want you to bring her here to tell ours."

"Absurdity, Anna dear! you cannot mean to countenance such impostors!"

"Yes, Dick, that is to be unchastable! How do you know they are impostors! How do you know but that they believe in their own art?"

"Do you believe in it?"

"No; but I want to have some fun out of the gipsy."

"Very well; I consent, provided it is meant in jest and only for fun."

"And here, Dick, let us put the gipsy's portion in gold and silver. You can add it with me. —Here take Bessie Leney to your arms and give me, Miss Leney, your hand for me and three pence, and blue-eyed, with all the Lynn features, is the child of Mr. Leney, the well-known solicitor, whom in truth he does not at all resemble, and who is now gone down to the Derby. And the gipsy cannot be so stupid as to read the fortune of a child who has been left by her parents in their own care!"

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"Ah, there's Dick come back! Dick, come here, I want you!" called Anna.

And Dick, who had left his companions among their betting-

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mind that the right clue had been found. He asked:

"Are you quite sure of this, Mr. Manly?"

"Perfectly,—for Wilkins had accounts to collect for me in Boston; I saw him a few moments before he left the hall, and he was there an hour after his return."

"Then we are left to suppose that some person in his interest committed the first theft; for I am still of the opinion that Wilkins went to Oakland on the day Miss Hopkinson says, for the purpose of securing what he knew to be so important to her."

"It may be so; but I cannot bring myself to believe it. Wilkins is a steady man of business; he is sure of success in his profession, and I do not see that he could gain anything by such an act as this."

"That seems a forced conclusion to me, for of course the person to whom the property is bequeathed would pay very light to induce him to destroy Mr. Barnard's will. If Mr. Wilkins is in haste to be rich, that would open the shortest avenue to fortune."

"You may be right, Mr. Fenton, for the young man does not strike me as one who would shrink from any means of bettering his own fortunes, though he might hesitate to compromise himself in any way. I am certain, however, that Wilkins did not commit either theft at the library, and I have been unable to ascertain who entered my office by the key in question. My son, a lad of twelve years, found the stolen key above the transom."

"Have you questioned any of the other lawyers on the different packages, or the persons to whom they furnish some clue to this mysterious affair?"

"The same idea struck me, and I was endeavoring to unravel the knot when your name in and interrupted me. I had examined all the packages except one, and if you will excuse me now, while the evening paper a few moments, I will prosecute my search."

"Pray do so, but I am too much interested in the result to fix my mind on the paper at present."

With nervous fingers the lawyer opened the bundle, on which the name of Hopkinson was endorsed in a large hand, and with the "last testament" of the deceased.

Fenton could not help exclaiming:

"What is it? Have you discovered any further clue?"

"Yes—a note for five hundred dollars from a man named Amos Hawks, in favor of Mr. Barnard, who has also disappeared. I am certain it was in the bundle, for I noticed it when I put the papers before I was taken ill."

"And this Hawks—who is he? What is he? Has he a friend in the case?"

"As to the last, I am not aware; but, for Hawks is a disciplined, good-for-naught, with whose character Miss Hopkinson and Mr. Wilkins would have nothing to do."

"Does he live in this place? Can we reach him in any way?"

Manly shook his head.

"I am afraid not. He was notified lately that it was my intention to bring suit against him on the note, and he has had sufficient time to leave for parts unknown. I remember now that Miss Lopez said one of the nocturnal visitors to Oakland was called Amos, and undoubtedly the man who spoke to her assured her that the will should be destroyed in case to save her inheritance, but of course we cannot rely on that. We must use every effort to discover the one to right the wrong that has been committed."

Manly's usual sedateness seemed to have deserted him; he was pale, and full of fusion, shaking his head in a dreary and doubtful manner, as he added:

"It is easy enough to say so, what should be done, but how we are to set about doing it, is the question. Even if the person employed by Captain Wilkins than we possess, we could never bring the thing to justice, and he is far too deep to commit himself. Unless the burglar leaves himself exposed in some manner, he is not at all to be at public chase to reach him. How little he is likely to do even so slight a thing as to betray himself, for he would render himself liable to a criminal prosecution, and he is too much a man of the world to be caught in the meshes of the law."

Fenton was not to be discouraged. He said:

"It is not my way, Mr. Manly, to give up the fight till the last round is declared. I will at once call on the best detective in the city, and I will employ a shrewd detective to watch Wilkins, and observe who his associates are. I will also send another on the traces of Blagden; if he was here on the memorable night on the charge of entombing the note, and saying from him the information we want, he may be induced to use his arts of withdrawing the prosecution."

With a hearty shake of the hand, he added:

"That's all that can be done; but I am afraid the Hopkinson will be lost. I will do my utmost to win in possession of a respectable property, but to lose my client. Miss Lopez is the whole of it in point of fact. The note is worthless, and cannot be collected. The house then go with the rest of the property to the heirs-at-law, Miss Lopez, I am willing to believe, that I was in search of the stolen property that on public charity that he perfected it. He is a reckless fellow, but he has always had a tool-hearted one. He is his own worst enemy."

Fenton inquired:

"Hawks is a man who will sell himself for money, as most men are willing to do. He would only secure him, our side will make it so much to his advantage to give the information we want that I believe we shall succeed in gaining his aim. My impression is that he is not a man to fly at a risk only a thousand a year. We could not possibly trace him, and, if I remember right, wealth to secure the hand of Inez, it is but fair that I shall obtain some worthy equivalent with it. If she is befriended of her inheritance, I believe I shall go mad, and do something desperate."

The excitement which Fenton had hitherto controlled now mastered him, and, with flashing eyes and flushed face he arose and paced rapidly to and fro the narrow boundary of the apartment. The genial expression habitual to the face of Manly faded away, and he watched the agitated young man with an expression of sympathy and interest not often indulged in by him.

The lawyer understood all that Fenton's confession implied, and he clearly saw that unless a doubt, much as Godfrey Fenton loved her, he would not sacrifice himself for her sake. His acute man of the world, who spent his life in battling for enormous interests, could see nothing wrong in this, and he pitied the lovers over whom so heavy a calamity was about to fall heart. He more bitterly than ever regretted the illness which had for so many days detained him; but he could see no promise of success in the warfare that Fenton had suggested.

The young man at length paused and asked, in a tone of inflated humility:

"Must the estate go to the legatee if the will is not found? In making that of Mrs. Hawks, were you not sharp enough to leave some loophole through which the rightful heirs might creep in and sustain its provisions to the end? Such things are not uncommon among men of your profession, you know."

A faint bantic sign came to the cheek of the lawyer, and with all his native stiffness, he replied:

"When called on, sir, to act in my professional capacity, I of course draw up such a will as will stand the scrutiny of any court of law. If Mrs. Hawks possessed the right to dispose of the property she holds, it will certainly descend to Miss Gordon unless the will is found, as you say."

"It shall not go to her!" exclaimed Fenton, in a sudden access of the old fiery spirit of resolution. "You have that will in your possession, or you know—"

Manly frowned, and with a gesture of dignity replied:

"No, sir. Mrs. Hawks refused to allow me to bring it away with me, alleging that the loss of the trust, of which I had been ignorant, induced her to believe that it would be safer in her own keeping."

"I am glad of that. Mrs. Hawks shall yet lose it up in the fire she has prepared for her weak mind against that unprincipled girl; and I sincerely hope that the property may not be where she has a chance to make another. Excuse me, Mr. Manly; but this is a matter that has subjected to realize the other springs that are destined to explode the mine I will at once consult the doctor's unsuspecting feet. You know every body in this place, and can tell me where I can find the detective I wish to employ. Do not hesitate to name the highest price you expect for this purpose."

He smiled in his turn, but the lawyer detained him.

"Stop a few more moments, Mr. Fenton. If you please, I will give you the information you desire. If we accomplish anything, we must act in concert."

Fenton again sat down, mastered his impatience, and in a few words Manly described to which Manly undertook to carry out himself, and to employ a detective to watch the movements of the right of Inez without being name.

"Is there a private entrance?"

"Yes, sir, on the side street."

"I shall act as promptly and more cautiously in this affair than you, sir, have done. I shall never feel entirely free from self-reproach if Miss Lopez is made a victim of her confidence in the law of what was confided to me. I hastily wish you success in the search for your wife, Mr. Fenton."

"Thank you; and now I go to board the lion in his den—in other words, to try and open the eyes of that poor old man to the treachery and double-dealing of her would-be heiress."

"If you succeed in that, I will congratulate as that you will lose all. Were Miss Gordon and she will be prepared for any emergency, and on the ear and the heart of Mrs. Hawks, and all will be well; but I cannot consent to any such step. No, no. If you hope to succeed, you must use other means, and other means than those you are using at present."

Fenton paused a moment, and then said:

"That is worth considering. I have thought of very plans, and not one of them seemed to be probably be the one I shall all but be compelled to adopt. I will see Miss Gordon at once, Mr. Manly, and let you know how I am progressing. Good afternoon. I must see and assure her of my friend of mine before night. With her assistance, I hope to succeed in the task of saving Miss Gordon, with all her cunning."

Fenton heard no more. He rushed his room, where he hurriedly arranged his toilette and his thoughts for the labor. Once in the street, he could be proceeded to the apartments occupied by Mrs. Hawks and Miss Gordon.

The present occasion, opening over each other one of which was filled up as a perfect, in which was a rich drawing-room, occupied at night by Inez.

He was greatly rejoiced to find her alone; for he had feared that the presence of Guy might interfere with his plans, and he resolved to be with her on the subject of which his mind was filled.

Mrs. Langley held out her hand with a smile of welcome, and said:

"You look very little like a happy lover, Godfrey. I hope that your visit to Oakland did not cause a quarrel between yourself and your new love. Is it possible that she is not as devoted as you are to be constant to her?"

"Of that there can be no doubt, Anna, for I am more enchanted with Inez than ever. If I have her I shall be the happiest man in the Preach say, I have lost my head as well as my heart."

"So much the better. I like to see you so much in earnest. When you are married, I shall for your face tells me that something has."

"At least as a wife, Mrs. Langley; but you are already enough to read a fellow's heart through every thing. I suppose that it is my purpose to attempt to deceive you, coufe, for it is necessary that I should have your aid, and I observed confidence. I hope that you will accept the kindness of my motives, and will do all in your way you can to smooth the road to a speedy union with the lady of my love."

"I am most eager to do all in my power to assist as freely as you choose. I am at all times."

Mrs. Langley gave her hand with a cordial grasp on his face. Fenton returned the questioning glance, and, with a laugh, said:

"You are a born plotter, Anna. If you had lived in the days of Machiavelli, you would have thrown among those who moved the springs of empire, you would have been a leader in the art. I have come to you now to get you to exert your peculiar talents for me. You will do so, I hope; you will not refuse what I shall ask."

"Thanks for the compliment, Godfrey; but let that pass, and explain to me what I am to do. You know beforehand that I will not refuse you nothing that is reasonable."

"You may not think it reasonable or honorable; but when we have a base adversary to fight with, we must use his own weapons at any pain. I'll not mystify you any longer, but state at once that your influence with Inez will be of compelling a plan I have devised to expose Miss Hopkinson to her guardian, and to Inez. Nothing else can save the inheritance of my betrothed to her."

"That is enough, Godfrey. Tell me what is to be done, and I will aid you with all my power."

He pressed her hand warmly, and said:

"You have always been my best friend, Comin Anna, and I fub now I should not call on you in vain. I shall proceed at once to develop my plot, and you shall judge of its chance of success. Miss Gordon is an incomparable artist; she paints to no end, and I feel assured that the peculiarities of Mrs. Hawks have not escaped notice, for the amusement of her intimate friends. Can we not manage to get such an exhibition from Nina, and place Mrs. Hawks where she will be an unsuspected looker on, and see herself served up as a laughing-stock for the idlers? That picture, I believe, could be made would be destroyed before she slept."

Mrs. Langley gave into her lover's plentifully exclaimed:

"I—I understand. Excellent and well devised; but how are we to overcome the difficulties in our way? Mrs. Hawks never leaves her own apartments except for a drive. She will not be induced to appear in any public exhibition."

"Where is the locked? Anywhere near you?"

"Yes—that much is in your favor. Her rooms are next to these, and that door in the corridor is never open but once. I am near the centre of the door now, for Miss Gordon spends her days in aiding my backgammon or cards with the old lady."

"Then I must speak more cautiously, for I would not have Nina's keen eyes detect my voice in secret conference with you for any consideration. Everything depends on the mystery with which we can surround the exhibition. Can you and now for the programme. How shall we proceed?"

"The first thing to be accomplished is for you to secure the acquaintance of Mr. Hawks. That will not be so difficult as at first it might seem; for I have noticed that you are a man who can afford you an excuse for seeking her, and I think she will feel flattered by the advances you may make. You can fascinate whenever you choose to exert your will, and if you are not in earnest, you can not only gain the good will of the lady, but you will be able to win the confidence of Miss Gordon. That will be absolutely necessary to your success. You must have her in here some evening, with that young lawyer you say is there. This is easily managed. Mimic any one that is suggested, and if she will be pleased to see you. Then, Godfrey, she will no doubt consent to serve her up for your amusement. If you can accomplish this much, I will engage to do the rest. With the assistance of Inez and Nina, who is the friend of mine, and warrant the nurse of Inez, you shall have a picture to be wondered at by eyes of that deluded woman, and Miss Gordon be declared insane."

Langley listened with vivid interest. She had no scruples as to paying the part assigned to her, for she was ready to do any thing in the protestations of Fenton in the hope of the girl her rival. Her own plan was easily carried out in connection with that suggested by her lover.

Besides, she considered Miss Gordon a most dangerous rival, and the exposure of which she was so ready to prepare for her. After a moment's reflection, she said:

"I have promised to aid you, Godfrey, and I will try to do so. But, if you will be guided by me, you must keep yourself in the back-ground, and Nina must be spared to you to Miss Gordon in such a way as will induce her to believe that you are the victim of a plot. She is a child in the affairs of the world, and will be easily deceived. You may blunders me to the Inez; I will serve you in that character as that you will lose all. Were Miss Gordon and she will be prepared for you, she would laugh in the ear and the heart of Mrs. Hawks, and all your plans would be frustrated. Leave me to manage her. No, no. If you hope to succeed, you must use other means, and other means than those you are using at present."

Fenton paused a moment, and then said:

"That is worth considering. I have thought of very plans, and not one of them seemed to be probably be the one I shall all but be compelled to adopt. I will see Miss Gordon at once, Mr. Manly, and let you know how I am progressing. Good afternoon. I must see and assure her of my friend of mine before night. With her assistance, I hope to succeed in the task of saving Miss Gordon, with all her cunning."

Fenton heard no more. He rushed his room, where he hurriedly arranged his toilette and his thoughts for the labor. Once in the street, he could be proceeded to the apartments occupied by Mrs. Hawks and Miss Gordon.

The present occasion, opening over each other one of which was filled up as a perfect, in which was a rich drawing-room, occupied at night by Inez.

He was greatly rejoiced to find her alone; for he had feared that the presence of Guy might interfere with his plans, and he resolved to be with her on the subject of which his mind was filled.

Mrs. Langley held out her hand with a smile of welcome, and said:

"You look very little like a happy lover, Godfrey. I hope that your visit to Oakland did not cause a quarrel between yourself and your new love. Is it possible that she is not as devoted as you are to be constant to her?"

"Of that there can be no doubt, Anna, for I am more enchanted with Inez than ever. If I have her I shall be the happiest man in the Preach say, I have lost my head as well as my heart."

"So much the better. I like to see you so much in earnest. When you are married, I shall for your face tells me that something has."

"At least as a wife, Mrs. Langley; but you are already enough to read a fellow's heart through every thing. I suppose that it is my purpose to attempt to deceive you, coufe, for it is necessary that I should have your aid, and I observed confidence. I hope that you will accept the kindness of my motives, and will do all in your way you can to smooth the road to a speedy union with the lady of my love."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MOTION.

BY WILLIAM WOOD WALLACE.

Not alone in Heat is Beauty,
But in motion see her still;
Brighter, grander, more amazing,
By the Central Mover's Will.

O, what beauty in the Weaving
Of the flowers, of the trees,
According to the wise mouth
Of the whisperer of the breeze!

And what beauty in the Ocean
Tossed about in tempest-hands,
Glowing in the mighty surface
That yet hid for blessing lands!

And what beauty in the Starbeds
As if wet they knew the earth,
Knew and longed to have their portion
In the revelations of life.

Woman—it is not Life's beginning,
Giving Beauty's very birth!
With thy restless wondering voices,
Answer, thus unresting forever!
Answer, all ye peopled places,
In your journeys never done:
Answer, all ye constellations
Marching round the Central Sun.

Motion—When we sing thy glory,
Sing we the Creator's throne;
And all men join in the worship,
But the vile, blasphemous drone!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. 2.

By STEVANUS COBB, Jr.

"TRADE WINDS." LOG'S PROPER STORY.

We were now fairly within the limits of what had the South-east Trade Wind to help us on our way, and we knew that with it we should be in a good long spell.

As we had plenty of time to nap during the day, we had no need of being so particular about observing the hours for sleep as we should have had if we had been obliged to keep a regular watch and watch. Consequently I was not called upon to exercise the power of persuading anything which they cannot either see or feel. Such men can receive wonderful impressions upon the mind without the help of sensuous things.

I was much surprised at the manner in which Jo, as he said, he had taken upon the task of his new command, and expressed thoughts far superior to his usual style of conversation; and as I found this to be characteristic of the man, I might say these were two men in Jack's body. One of them was a rough, plain-spoken, good-hearted sailor, and the other was a clear, well-cultivated, well-language almost to fine a preacher.

"But never mind that now," he said, "we'll talk of that at some other time, and perhaps we'll have some interesting conversation. The story that I have now to tell has to do with the family of my father, and with another family, too, as you shall judge."

I was about and thirty years of age when my father died, and as I happened to be at home at the time, I stopped to help my mother for a season or two. Of us children that lived to grow up there were only three, and the eldest was a girl named Sarah, six years older than myself. At the age of twenty she married a man named Jack Baldwin, and moved with him to Virginia; and I did not see her again until after our father's death. She came on once to visit her folks, but I was away at sea, and she returned before I got home. When she made that visit she brought with her her only child, a sturdy, chubby boy, named John Davidson—called after our uncle and our mother's side. And that uncle chanced to be there while Sarah was on her visit, and he took such a liking to the boy who had been named after him, that he did really come and take Sarah to let him have the lad; but, of course, good-hearted daughter that she was, she would not be separated from her child, and so the uncle was obliged to take them both. He was a well-to-do man, and he had no children of his own, and he was very fond of the boy, and he promised to do something handsome for him.

"I was about and thirty years of age when my father died, and as I happened to be at home at the time, I stopped to help my mother for a season or two. Of us children that lived to grow up there were only three, and the eldest was a girl named Sarah, six years older than myself. At the age of twenty she married a man named Jack Baldwin, and moved with him to Virginia; and I did not see her again until after our father's death. She came on once to visit her folks, but I was away at sea, and she returned before I got home. When she made that visit she brought with her her only child, a sturdy, chubby, pretty boy, named John Davidson—called after our uncle and our mother's side. And that uncle chanced to be there while Sarah was on her visit, and he took such a liking to the boy who had been named after him, that he did really come and take Sarah to let him have the lad; but, of course, good-hearted daughter that she was, she would not be separated from her child, and so the uncle was obliged to take them both. He was a well-to-do man, and he had no children of his own, and he was very fond of the boy, and he promised to do something handsome for him.

"Well, time passed on, and I stopped at home with my mother, and I worked on the farm, and I went to school, and I grew to be a big boy, and I had learned all that the district school could teach me, and I was fifteen years old. Then I began to think that I must do something for myself, and I began to talk with my mother about it. She was a little flashy, and occasionally, when unguarded, used language which I did not much like; but then he was from a different set of society from ours, and I had no reason to discriminate him. I was somewhat disappointed that my sister had not come, but she sent a letter by Mr. Derwent saying that her health would not permit. And as for my nephew, it was explained that he was just finishing up his last term at college, and to have left them would have seriously interfered with his graduation.

"Mr. Derwent, said I, 'I have concluded that I cannot be the money you would have heard further from my sister.'

"The man sucked from his chair and wanted to know if I was in earnest. I told him I was, and emphatically. At first he set out to vote, but he held in a while, and laughed as though he thought I was only in a spiteful joke; but I called it. But I finally made him understand that in truth I was. Then he came to me in a new again; but he held in a second time, and began to explain to me what a loss it would be to my sister and her son. They would lose the plantation by the delay, and that would be equal to the loss of ten thousand dollars to them.

"At this point—while the man was pressing his case considerably—I took all his power—a new idea occurred to me, which, simple as it was, had not struck me before.

"'Never fear,' I said. 'I will carry the money to her myself.'

"He stared at me, and I thought I had better not have dropped the word of further argument. So I looked him calmly and steadily in the face, and said it:

"'Mr. Derwent, I am not a child. I know, or ever heard, you may be for some years; but I am ever grown, and I am not pay over to you one penny of this money. If my sister gets it, she must receive it through my own hands.'

"And then followed a long, hot, heated, and torn, and swore, and cursed; and when I had made him understand that there was a half within hearing, and had also gently hinted that his present conduct was not calculated to strengthen my confidence in him, he caught his hat and left the house, swearing that he'd have money by the course of her before night. From my home he went to the village hotel, but he got no satisfaction there, and from there he went to Boston, where he consulted legal men, and then he came back and tried the persuasive again; but finding that nothing would move me, and to make me understand how much my sister needed the money, he sent for her. But I had another dream, exactly like the first, and I would not let the money go. Derwent left the house, swearing all sorts of law and vengeance.

"That was the last I saw of Hartwell Derwent; but another person I saw very shortly from that time on, and Friday than Derwent ever me do not time. On Saturday afternoon, just as I was coming home from the village, I met a tall, fine-looking woman, clad in a long cloak of some kind of rich and blue and drab color, with a heavy veil thrown over her head a few of brown silk. She was coming from the direction of the house, and she came towards our house; and she leaned upon the arm of a man who was evidently much her senior, as well as she. So close to door the travellers came, and my mother came to meet them, and in another moment I was startled cries and astonished kisses; and one said—

"'My child!' and 'child!' and 'dear sister!' and 'brother!'

"Sarah, it was my sister and her son. Her husband had become worse than a brute, and she had left him for ever. She had been gone the first laughter after she got into the house was—'Why, Jack, you've grown to be a man!' and as how her husband had lately herself and her son, and was thus put him to flight. I was left within the letters which Derwent had brought to me, and which I had not read. I took the chance of a drunken fit on the part of her husband, and I knew the way in which where she had found a vessel bound for Boston.

"When my sister had had time for rest, I told her all that had occurred, and I showed her the money for her money. When she had heard how I had come by it, she clasped me to her bosom, and wept for joy.

"Shortly after she said, 'that was last Tuesday night.'

"I told her it was.

"'On that very night,' she said, 'we were approaching Boston, and my husband was in the agency for fear that Derwent would get the money before we could reach you. And in the night I dreamed that I had reached the old homestead, and that you had given me the money for your; and I thought I made my way to your room, and that you awoke and handed the money to let the money go.

"Here was the end of the story. How they came to get well, and how the boy came out of college, and how Jack Baldwin got on and became a rich man, I will not stop to tell. Suffice it to say that they all lived happily together, and that Jack Baldwin never again showed his face in that section, for Dick had learned that the father paid the contributions to his son's education.

"As I have already told you, when my father died I was fifteen. He had been sick a long time, and he knew that he was dying. After the doctor had told him that he could not survive, he had a talk with me about the money he had left his support. He said that Derwent had written to him for money, and that she wanted the ten thousand dollars which her master had permitted her to use. She had an opportunity to purchase a valuable plantation on very advantageous terms, and she thought that if she could get the money she could secure it, and as a business deal gave her permission to sign it in her own name, she should do so, and had it in her power, so that, really, the money would eventually not only go where her uncle had originally desired, but it would be quite than doubled for the possessor. I thought the matter over, and I appeared to me that Sarah had not got the best of the bargain, but as the amount was large, I supposed that it did her better consult legal advice in Virginia, and send an attorney on, which proposition from her, to get the funds. My father considered my advice good, and he followed it.

"The next thing was to find a proper person to take charge of the property which was held for Sarah and her son, and my father asked me if I would accept the trust. I told him I would if his husband would consent. He said he had conferred with them, and they were willing. So I accepted the trust, and the necessary papers were drawn up in my father's presence for giving me charge of the nearly thousand dollars.

"My father died, and was buried, and there was gloom upon the old home.

"A week after the funeral had taken place a man appeared at the house who was a stranger, fully empowered to take ten thousand dollars for her, and to receipt for the same. He was the man who had come down to the farm to see me about it, and I also remembered to the lawyers in your place, and I also remembered to the lawyers in your place, and I also remembered to the lawyers in your place